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GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

From the Spirit of Missions.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—
Daniel xii, 4.

Where rolls the stormy billow
Along the troubled deep,
Where verdant prairies pillow
The sun-beams as they sleep,
Where hills with heaven are bleeding,
Where spreads the dreary waste,
Where torrents are descending,
The Gospel heralds haste.

Where perfume-breathing flowers
Shed fragrances on the gales,
That sweep through rosy bowers
Of sunny Persia's vale;
Where o'er the snow-clad mountains
Sweils China's busy hum,
Where flow those endless fountains,
The glad tidings come.

The forest dark is hushing
The murmur of the blast,
While melodies are gushing
Unknown in ages past;
And softly, sweetly stealing
Upon the desert air,
The Sabbath bells are pealing
To wake the voice of prayer.

Old Grecian temples hoary
Decayed with vanished time,
Shrines fanned in song and story
Reverberate that chime;
And louder, louder swelling
It sweeps o'er Africa's shore,
With gentle music quelling
The lion's angry roar.

Lord! in thy mercy speeding,
Thy chosen heralds guide,
That they in triumph leading
Thy people scattered wide,
From every clime and nation
May gather them in one,
Till earth with adoration
Hails the eternal Son—

Till in each mortal dwelling,
As in thy realms above,
High songs of praise are swelling
To hymn redeeming love.
Till every home an altar,
Where holy hearts are won,
In service never falter,
Unchanged in love to Thee.

B. D. W.

New York, February 9, 1836.

THE OBSERVER.

PICTURE OF THE CHURCH IN VIRGINIA AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

"The history of the Church for the next few years presents a picture of but little variety; when we catch a new feature in it, it is but to remark, that it is in melancholy keeping with the rest, and differs only by the introduction of a deeper shade. With roofless and deserted churches, with broken altars, and a clergy, some of whom were reduced to the hard alternative of flight or starvation, it may readily be conceived what was its suffering condition. It existed, but more than that can hardly be said of it with truth. On the nineteenth of April, 1793, precisely eight years after the first effusion of blood at Lexington, peace was proclaimed to the American army by order of the commander-in-chief. Time was now afforded to men to direct their attention to the permanent establishment of such institutions, civil and religious, as might comport with their desires, or views of duty. Much was to be done; and rejoicing with thankfulness, as now we may, in the present prosperity of the Church in Virginia, it is well to look back on its condition as it emerged from the Revolution, and by a contemplation of the difficulties which stood in the way of its resuscitation, be moved to the exercise of gratitude. When the colonists first resorted to arms, Virginia, in her sixty-one counties, contained ninety-five parishes, one hundred and sixty-four Churches and chapels, and ninety-one clergymen. When the contest was over, she came out of the war with a large number of her Churches destroyed or injured irreparably, with twenty-three of her ninety-five parishes extinct or forsaken, and of the remaining seventy-two thirty-four were destitute of ministerial services, while of her ninety-one clergymen, twenty-eight only remained, who had lived through the storm, and these with eight others who came into the State soon after the struggle terminated supplied thirty-six of the parishes. Of these twenty-eight, fifteen only had been enabled to continue in the Churches which they supplied prior to the commencement of hostilities; and thirteen had been driven from their cures by violence or want, to seek safety or comfort in some one of the many vacant parishes, where they might hope to find, for a time at least exemption from the extremity of suffering.

"For the destruction of the sacred edifices, most of which were substantial buildings of brick, every fair allowance should be made, because of the confusion and lawless state of affairs inseparable from war. The buildings were in some instances required by the necessities of the public and appropriated to objects foreign from the purpose of their erection; it was not therefore, to be wondered at, that, if used at all, they should sustain injury at the hands of a soldiery which, like all others, was not remarkable for a reverence of things sacred. But there was often a wantonness in the injury done, a deliberate desecration which admits of no apology and offers no better excuse than that it was the work of passionate ignorance, which identified the very 'stones of the temple' with support to the crown of England. The evidences of this work of needless ruin are still visible but too often in Eastern Virginia. It is scarcely possible for the churchman, even now, to look without tears upon the venerable remains of mouldering Churches which meet his eye in the 'ancient dominion.' As he gazes upon the roofless walls, or leans upon the little remnant of railing which once surrounded a now deserted chancel, as he looks out through the opening of a broken wall upon the hillocks under which the dead of former years are sleeping, with no sound to disturb his melancholy musings save the whispers of the wind through the leaves of

the forest around him, he may be pardoned should he drop a tear over the desolated house of God; and if he be a pious churchman, the wreck around him may awaken thoughts of submission and humiliation, which will send him from the spot 'a sadder and a better man'—
Churchman. Dr. Hawks.

OLD HUMPHREY, ON THE APPEARANCE OF THINGS.

Things are not exactly what they appear in any case; but, in some cases they are as different from what they appear as one thing can be from another. To know this in age is well; but could we know it in youth, it would be invaluable. This, however, cannot be expected; it is experience, and sometimes bitter experience only, that can correct our mistakes in this particular. Our very outward senses lead us astray until they are assisted by knowledge and judgment, from the days of our infancy: a child thinks that the sun and moon are no larger than they look to be. In his estimation, they are about the size of a pot-lid or a wooden trencher. You may tell him, if you will, that they are bigger than the house; but you must tell him so many times over, before he will believe you. A counterfeit looks very much like a golden coin, but there is a great difference between them, and when we have mistaken the one for the other, we feel sadly disappointed. It is so with a thousand things in the world: they are not half so valuable as they seem to be.

In the days of my youth, when playing with half a dozen of my companions, we saw something at a distance that shone as bright as a diamond. A high hedge, a deep ditch, and a boggy field, lay between us and the object which had so much excited our attention. After tearing our clothes, and running till we were out of breath, we found that which glittered in the sun's rays like a diamond, to be nothing more than a bit of glass: a piece of an old broken bottle! Now I will venture to say, that you have often given yourself as much trouble as I did, and got nothing better than a piece of broken bottle for your pains.

When a young man, I once saw a beautiful blue cloud resting on the side of a very high mountain in Cumberland, called the Skiddaw, and I thought it would be a very pleasant thing to climb up close to it; so I made the attempt. O how many times did I turn my back to the mountain, to rest myself, before I had clambered half-way up its rugged sides! I did reach the cloud at last, but had not much reason to congratulate myself. That which appeared from Keswick vale a beautiful blue cloud, was, when I approached it, nothing more than a thick mist. Not only was it without beauty, but it hindered me from seeing any thing that was beautiful. The lovely valley, and the magnificent lake below me, were completely hidden from my view; and I came down from the Skiddaw in a much worse temper than I went up. I was very silly for thus being put out of temper, and must confess that since then, often has old Humphrey got into a mist in following out the foolish inclinations of his heart. How has it been with you?

What a world of trouble we give ourselves to attain what is of little value! and disappointment works no cure; the failure of yesterday prevents not the expectation of to-day, and the blighted promise of to-day destroys not the hope of to-morrow. Again, I say, that things are not what they appear, and we willingly allow ourselves to be cheated from childhood to old age, by running after or climbing to obtain what is any thing but the thing we take it to be. Oh! that we could use this world as not abusing it, remembering that the fashion of it passeth away! But not in vain the wise man tells us of the things we seek, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." In vain an apostle exhorts us "to set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Disbelieving the assertions of the one, and disregarding the exhortation of the other, we still, like children, run after bubbles that lose their brightness the moment they are possessed.

But while we thus complain that things are not what they appear, are we ourselves, what we appear to be? Though I have been speaking of other matters, this is the question that I wanted to come to. This question, brought home to our hearts, is like cutting the finger-nail to the quick; taking a thorn out of a tender part; or, indeed touching the apple of the eye, but it is worth while putting it for all that. Other people may pose us, but the closest method of questioning is, to question ourselves.—Are we, then, what we appear to be? For if we are either ignorant of the evil of our own hearts, or railing against others when we are more guilty than they are, it is high time that such a state of things should be altered.

Were the Searcher of all hearts to put the inquiry to you and to me. Art thou what thou appearst to be? would not the reply be, "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me: if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse. Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth."

ROWLAND HILL.

"The energy of his manner at times, and the power of his voice were almost overwhelming. Once, at Wotton, he was completely carried away by the impetuous rush of feelings; and, raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed—'Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill: I saw a gravel-pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive, I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an

eternal mass of wo, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now!—No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing: I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Christ Jesus.'—Once, in a manufacturing town, the subject of his preaching was the influence of the Holy Spirit. On his way to the chapel he stopped several times, and appeared to be watching with interest the ascent of the smoke from the factory chimneys. In his sermon he wished to describe the obedience of a willing soul to the gentlest breathings of the Spirit of God, and said—'I have been watching the smoke as it went up from the numerous chimneys around me; there was scarcely any air, yet how obediently it moved in the direction of the softest breeze: so it is with the regenerate soul when God breathes upon its renewed powers—he makes it willing in the day of his power.' A very favorite subject with Mr. Hill was the inseparable union of Justification and Sanctification. He commenced one of his sermons on it with these words—'God cannot make us happy except he make us holy; therefore, whom he justifies, he necessarily also sanctifies. Then he would say, 'Many are willing to be justified, but desire not to be sanctified. Not so with me; I can say of Justification and Sanctification like the child, who replied when asked which he loved best his father or his mother, I love them both best.' His views of the efficacy of prayer were singularly happy—'We know,' were his words, 'that the infinite God cannot be moved or actually drawn nearer to us by prayer, but prayer draws the Christian near to God. If a boat is attached to a large vessel by a rope, the person in the former does not bring the ship nearer to him by his pulling the rope, but he brings the boat and himself nearer to it—so the more fervently we pray, the nearer we bring ourselves to the Lord Most High. The Christian is, therefore, enjoined to pray without ceasing: not that he can be always engaged in the positive act, but he ought to have what I call a holy aptitude for prayer. The bird is not always on the wing, but he is ready to fly in an instant; so the believer is not always on the wing of prayer, but he has such a gracious aptitude for this exercise that he is prepared in an instant, when there is danger or need, to fly for refuge to his God. In all the avocations of time, the child of God will never lose sight of his Heavenly Father; and if, while gathering a few flowers from the world he suffers his God to be at a distance from him, the instant he perceives himself to be alone, he runs to reach his Father, Protector, and Friend.'

ANECDOTES.

GILBERT WEST, AND LORD LITTLETON.

Perhaps few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true christianity, than the fact that many who have sat down to read the sacred volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind the following is selected as related by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph.—The effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection, which was afforded to his Apostles was very remarkable. He and his friend, Lord Littleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the scriptures. Fully persuaded that the bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Littleton the conversion of Paul for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks full of prejudice, and a contempt for christianity.—The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their efforts to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament over their own folly, and to felicitate each other on their joint conviction that the Bible was the word of God. Their able enquiries have furnished two of the most valuable treatises in favor of revelation, one entitled, "Observations on the conversion of St. Paul," and the other, "Observations on the resurrection of Christ."

DEISTICAL HISTORIANS.

Gibbon, who, in his celebrated "History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine, not having had the courage openly to assail it.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve Apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney for printing his blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus, the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, was employed in disseminating its truths.

It is a remarkable circumstance also, that the first provisional meeting for the formation of an auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which David Hume the infidel died.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Here we cannot but call to mind the indications of Providence, with regard to the language which it is our happy lot to own as our mother-tongue. Leaving out of view the vast extent of the American continent and islands over which it prevails; we see at a glance, that the

progress of British arms, and the spreading of British colonies in Africa, Asia, Australia, and many remote islands, is rapidly making the English tongue the predominate dialect of civilization. The Greek once spread itself thus, after Alexander's conquests, and its mighty wave afforded a course for the Septuagint, the original New Testament, and the holy effusions of martyrs and fathers. In this was manifested a wise and gracious provision.

The Latin spread itself over Europe and North Africa, and in like manner conveyed, for ages, the Christian doctrine of a church not yet all corrupt. And now the English language, in which are embodied the noblest specimens of genius and learning in alliance with piety, a language spoken by the two great nations who are honoured more by their zeal, in propagating the gospel, than by all their wealth and force, is carrying its blessed conquests over a large part of the human race. Thronged India, besides its thousands claiming British descent, has a mighty population of natives, who will soon use the English tongue. We cannot but regard the new progress of our language in the East, as one of the most remarkable signs of the times in reference to the progress of religion among men. It is known, that since the rise of British power in India, the Persian has continued, to a large extent, to be the medium of intercourse in judicial proceedings, and in diplomatic and official correspondence. This is now to be in a great degree superseded by the English and the effects of the change we need not stop to detail. "English in India," says the Rev. Alexander Duff, of Calcutta, "holds the same place which the Latin and Greek did in Britain at the period of the reformation. And English in India, must be the medium of all knowledge to those who receive the higher range. It is the lever, which, as an instrument, is to move all Hindostan." We learn several valuable facts from this gentleman's statements. Owing to the substitution of English for Persian, a sensation has been produced. From the Burman empire to the furthest west, there has been a demand for English books and teachers.—Even in the court of Delhi, the favourite son of the present representative of the Great Mogul, is himself studying English; and a number of similar instances are given. From our own American Sunday school Union, books have been loudly demanded, as the only works extant of the right sort, and not for children only, but for the young men of Hindostan. So soon as English takes the same place in judicial affairs, which it begins to do in political, India will be opened to a flood of gospel light. The fate of multitudes will be dreadful, if left to the native literature; and, on the other hand, if American Christians, by tracts and books, duly apply the engine put within their reach, they may facilitate incalculably the progress of the Church.

Thus it is, that from writing of the infant primer, and the picture book, we have strayed into a track the most sublime which can be presented to human minds: the return of all mankind to God. The two things are connected.—Would that all professing christians could be induced to consider it. In the revolution of years, it may prove to have been the intended work of the American Sunday-school Union, to carry its operations, not merely to the Valley of the Mississippi, or the western plains, but to the whole unconverted world.—*Biblical Repository.*

DECAY OF HINDOONISM—SUPPRESSION OF HINDOO CRUELITIES.

The Bishop of Calcutta thus writes to the Rev. James Regga, in reference to his volume, entitled, "India's Cries to British Humanity!" "All the subjects which you treat with so much feeling, are enjoying the attention of Christians in this country.—Suttee has already been abolished, and infanticide, though in Cutch and Guzerat this latter is said still to prevail.—The exposure of the sick on the banks of the Ganges remains, as well as the various disgraceful scenes which many of the annual festivals exhibit. But public opinion, even among the natives themselves, is rapidly dragging out these monstrous customs, and exposing them to the just abhorrence of mankind. This very spring, two of the invasions on decency, *dhole jatira* and *churack pograh*, have been denounced in the daily journals, by native writers, and the aid of the magistrate in suppressing the open immorality of them invoked; while the Ghaut murders (nineteen hundred were said to have been exposed in the month of November last, at one ghaut alone in Calcutta, one half of whom might otherwise have survived, at least for a time,) have induced an Hindoo gentleman to build an hospital on the banks of the river for receiving the sick. In the meantime, the honors due to the memory of Rammohun Roy—the native schools, which are pushed on all sides—the thirst for knowledge—the progress of missions—the growing liberty and zeal of government in all its subordinate details—the amazing strides which the new charter will take, in the employment and elevation of the natives, will rapidly, I trust, through the mercy of God accelerate the deliverance of this beautiful country from the cruel and impure dominion of the god of this world."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

From the American Presbyterian.

THE PRACTICAL HEARER.

A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory and said she had forgotten almost all that he delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered: I remembered to burn my false bushel." A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

Constant Hearer.—It is said of the late Countess of Burford, that though for the last few years of her life she had to ride almost constantly on horseback, upwards of sixteen miles, to and from the churches where she attended, yet neither frost, snow, rain, or bad roads were sufficient to detain her at home. How unlike the conduct of many who suffer any trivial incident to keep them from the house of God!
Buck.

"THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS."

This is the title of a little volume, just published, from the pen of Mrs. P. H. Brown. It is especially intended to the attentive perusal of Children and youth.—It is well worthy of a place in every Sabbath School and Juvenile library. The contents of the volume, founded strictly on fact, are as follows:—The Reading Club; The Victim, The Inhabitant, The Aged Cottage, From that portion entitled "the Inhabitant," we make the following extracts:—

"The sun was just rising over my native hills when I awoke at my father's door. All was still; I was just about to give a loud rap when my sister opened the door, and bade good morning to the watcher, who was just departing, and pressed me to her throbbing bosom. My brother, have you come! was all she could articulate, and weeping led the way to my mother's sick room."

She stepped lightly in, withdrew the curtain slightly from her bed, and left the room. The scene, she anticipated, would be too tender for her feelings. I walked softly to the bed; my mother seemed to be dozing. Her face was turned from me and so pale, so emaciated, that my first impression was that she was dead. But a smile passing over her features convinced me of my mistake. I saw her lips moving—I heard a whisper—I leaned over her. "I come—I come," said she; "I come, I come." Then opening her eyes, she said, "Am I here? Oh? I thought I was there." "Where, mother," said I, tenderly. "There," said she, pointing, upward. I drew back, so that she supposed it was my sister who spoke. "Hark!" said she again. I moved instinctively forward and listened. She repeated;

"Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Hither spirits, come away."

"I come," said she again. "To join your everlasting song." A smile unearthly lighted up her features. I gazed at her a moment; and in spite of my own infidelity, conscience, reason, my better judgment whispered unitedly "These are the consolations of the religion of the bible."

"Alarmed at my own thoughts I drew the curtain close, and walked to the window. An awe came over me; I felt for once, how awful goodness was; I seemed to be in the presence of some all-pervading spirit. I looked out—the sun was climbing up the blue horizon, and pouring his beams over the face of nature. *Who made that sun?* seemed whispered in my ear.—'Hark! maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good,' busy memory replied. I twirled my watch key with trembling fingers. I caught up a book; and turned over the leaves with a trepidation and haste that showed how deeply I was agitated; and how absent my busy mind; for I had not the most foreign idea what book I held in my hand. I heard again my mother's voice, and hastened back to her bed just to hear her repeat—

"Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below."

Still more agitated I wiped away the tears which I thought it weakness to shed; and with a secret and repelled conviction of the reality of vital godliness, was about to leave the room when recollecting the book in my hand, I went back to lay it down on the table—when, casting my eye, for the first time, on the open page I read—

"Lorenson, dost thou feel these arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?"

Lifting my eye to the top of the page, I read, the "Infidel Reclaimed." I dashed the book from me and hurried out of the room."

"On entering the breakfast room I met my father, who welcomed me home with more than his usual paternal kindness, and inquired if I had seen my mother. I replied that I had seen her, but had not spoken with her. "She is a poor, weak, bewildered woman," said he.—"You must," he continued, "arm yourself with fortitude, and be careful to keep a perfect control of your feelings in her presence. In her wild moments she is eloquent, and touching in many of her appeals; but we know she is not herself." My sister, with surprising firmness, said, that whatever her father might think of her mother, she had the clearest evidence that she had the most perfect use of her reason; and that while her body was fast wasting away, her "inward man was renewed day by day." I turned a look of inquiry on my sister; her features were lighted up with the same glow of feeling which I had seen in the face of my mother. My father rose, muttered something about enthusiasm and the priest-ridden craft, and left the room."

"A private talk with my sister convinced me that a surprising change had taken place in her own feelings on the subject of religion, since I had seen her. Conscience again reiterated, 'Dost thou feel these arguments, or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?'

"After breakfast I hastened again to the sick room. My mother was awake, had been informed that I was there, and received me with perfect composure. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and he has given me the desire of my heart," said she, with a smile, giving me a maternal kiss. The solemn query of Dr. Young still sounded in my ears, "Dost thou feel these arguments?" "My mother said that day was to be a solemn day with her; she was at 'the eleventh hour,' about to unite with the church militant, and very possibly with the church triumphant; and added, that it would be a pleasant exchange to go from communion on earth to fruition in heaven. In the afternoon the clergyman and several others came, and preparations were made for the administration of the

Lord's supper. The family were all desired to be present. My father took his seat in a window in a remote corner of the room, and sat motionless during the exercises as if he had not the power to move. The children were arranged near the bed. My mother was raised by pillows to a comfortable position as possible; still her friends expressed a fear that the exertions would be too fatiguing for her in her weak state. "I fear nothing but sin," said she, sweetly. "I feel strengthened for the scenes before me, and expect that this will be my last work—but it is well."

"After these solemn and impressive scenes were ended, my mother addressed my father in the language of affectionate warning; then began with the youngest child, and ascended in her addresses or admonitions, till she had spoken to all of them but me. She bade them farewell—gave her hand to each of her Christian friends, and they departed." "My mother, thought I, feels my case is hopeless, and desires to leave me to pursue my own chosen path to ruin. Tears rushed to my eyes; but I suppressed them, and strove hard to escape from the inward voice which continued to repeat, "Dost thou feel these arguments?" I rose to leave the room. She called me back, and asked me to take a seat near her bed. Then turning to me, she alluded to my infidelity, and presented me a volume of the scriptures, with Watson's Apology for the Bible and Young's Night Thoughts. "Dost thou feel these arguments," was again repeated to my soul. "My son," said she, taking my hand in hers, "I know you are an infidel. I know you reject the bible as a revelation from God. I have, with painful interest, watched the progress of scepticism in your young mind. I know the art and sophistry with which it has been defended—how soothing its doctrines are to guilt. I have felt its influence, and I feel for you all that a mother in my circumstances can feel. The icy chill of death is now creeping over my frame. This is the last effort of my maternal love. Life is fast ebbing away—time seems fast receding—and eternity is opening with all its solemn realities to my view. What I do must be done quickly. The grave is ready for me. My house is set in order; all my work on earth is done except a few parting words to you my first-born son. Let me first ask you one question, which I wish you to answer to God and your own conscience. Do you wish me to die a believer in the dark creed of Voltaire or Thomas Paine? If so, step forward with me to the tomb, which in the light of infidelity, is dark as darkness itself. Death is an eternal sleep—an utter extinction of being. This thinking, reasoning mind, capable of so much expansion, cultivation, and enjoyment, must go out like an expiring taper, lose its consciousness, and cease to exist, like the beasts. There is nothing in heaven, or earth, that can give a ray of light, or hope, or consolation to the dying infidel. But while life recedes, my hope and confidence in the God of my salvation strengthens, brightens. Peace, peace, like a river pours its balmy influence over me. Eternity and immortal life open on my soul a delightful vision—unutterable thoughts of God and heaven fill my already expanding capacities. I feel the assurance that God is my father, Christ my savior, and the Holy Spirit my comforter; that I shall soon have an unclouded vision of the glories of God's palace; that all that is now dark, or deep, or high to my present limited capacity, will be unfolded and understood. Nature, providence and grace, will furnish themes for eternal research; the perfection and attributes of God, an endless intellectual feast; and redemption an everlasting song." "And not only shall my immortal spirit live, but my body shall also rest in hope! The resurrection has rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, illuminated that dark enclosure, and swallowed up death in victory. My Saviour, Jesus, the sinner's friend, is with me when all other friends forsake me; and his presence is sweet—is sweet. "Oh my son"—she would have proceeded—she gasped—and sank back on her pillow. I called the family in haste—she was gone. The smile, the look of peace, and hope, and joy, still rested on her features. My father was pale—he trembled, and sunk into a chair beside her. My sister calmly closed my mother's eyes, while her face shone with joy, as did the face of Moses on the mount of vision."

"I stood awe struck; I looked first at the peaceful clay, then at my father, then at my lovely, pious sister. I saw infidelity in all its deformity. I saw the religion of the bible, in its legitimate fruits, giving support and joy in this hour of affliction. I had seen the triumphant departure of a believer to a brighter, better world. I saw myself as a lost sinner. I saw my remedy; it was the Saviour of sinners revealed in that long neglected and despised book—the Bible."

A SACRED TRANSACTION.

In one of the northern towns in New York, resided a physician, whose wife had enjoyed the privilege of early pious instruction and dedication to God in covenant. Her husband was by no means a religious man. Nor did he love the sacred and unbending doctrines of the holy Bible. He was excessively irritable, and his passions were often inflamed. God granted to this couple two daughters; but in their infancy they were to be deprived of the fostering care of their faithful mother. Disease wasted her frame and her days were to be numbered and finished. She was solicitous about her beloved daughters; she had not enjoyed the privilege of consecrating them to God publicly. Near the close of her life, however, while confined to the bed of sickness, she desired to enjoy the sacred privilege of consecrating them to God, by placing upon them the seal of the covenant, and she was indulged with the privilege. And this, with an act of faith and filial affection, she committed them to the hands of a covenant-keeping friend. It was a solemn and affecting scene. The mother bolstered up in bed with faith triumphing, publicly yielding these children to her Saviour's care. The solemn act was recorded in heaven. These dear daughters survived their mother's death, and were preserved from the snares and temptations of the world. They came to adult years. The God of mercy, whose covenant is never broken, remembered

the mother's vow; and in process of time they became partakers of the grace that is in Jesus Christ. And when the question was agitated by some, whether they would not again receive the rite of baptism, "O, no," said one of them—"the transaction of my mother was a sacred one. I would not for the world do away the dedication and the covenant which my mother made there on her death bed."

The precious daughter and eminent disciple (for such she was) had no desire to burst away from the ordinances which God had established. She was satisfied; yes, more than satisfied. It was a source of delight for her to recognize the covenant which the mother had made for her, while she was yet unconscious of its meaning. She felt that her own recognition of the act of her mother was abundantly sufficient, and felt too, that it would sunder some of the strongest and dearest ties, if she disowned that solemn transaction, by repeating the rite.

She took an interesting view of the subject, she looked at it aright; and was happy in putting her own hand to the seal which the parent had before affixed.

And if other children viewed this ordinance and covenant aright it would afford them joy and delight to come forward and recognize the covenant of beloved parents in their behalf—God established this rite; and it coincides with the principles which he implanted in our nature—it accords with natural affection. Parents when they are travelling to the heavenly country feel anxious in behalf of their children. And in covenant transactions God very often recognizes the children. "The promise is to you and to your children;" "To thee, and to thy seed after thee." Suffer the little children to come unto me. Parents are required to do many other things for their children, or to act in their behalf; and the scriptures sanction the same in religious matters. Let children, then be instructed in these things; and be trained up in the way they should go and when they are old, they will not depart from it.—*New Hampshire Observer.*

From the New York Observer.

CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

When the curate, HELFRICH, entered the parish of Holzhausen, he thought only of handing down faithfully to his flock the doctrines of the Romish church. As he had no experience in spiritual things and was ignorant of the fundamental truths of the gospel, this young curate hoped to satisfy the wants of his flock by teaching what he had learned in the theological seminary and observing scrupulously all the popish ceremonies of worship. He set himself to work with much sincerity and zeal; he exhorted his parishioners to discharge strictly their ceremonial duties, and was so exemplary in the exercise of his pastoral functions, that he was soon elected as a model of piety and fervor of devotion, and his fame spread into all the country around.

But while the world accorded to him this delusive praise, Helfrich was led by long and distressing experience to the Source of living waters. First he saw with grief, that his efforts to change the moral state of his flock were almost fruitless. His parishioners came to hear mass, but persevered in a vicious course of life; they regarded the rites of the Romish church, but paid no respect to the law of God. Animated by an ardent desire to be useful to his flock and to make his ministry a blessing to them, he employed all the external means usual in the Romish church, but without success; the only fruit of his labors was to show him his own weakness. He had another still more mortifying trial; he suffered from poverty of mind, which increased until he knew not what to furnish for the instruction, consolation and edification of his parish. It is not surprising that this sincere and honest ecclesiastic was discouraged. When a man trusts to his own strength, instead of leaning on the Divine aid; when he follows the traditions of human wisdom instead of the directions of God's word, he must necessarily fail in his attempt, and his disappointment must produce in a little while deep depression of spirits.

In this extremity, Helfrich turned to the eternal source of all wisdom and consolation, the gospel. He read with prayer and simplicity of heart the word of God, and sought there a rock of salvation for himself and for the souls confided to him. The Father of light and compassion blessed him in this search, and opened his heart, as the heart of Lydia was opened of old to hear the things which Paul said. Helfrich found in the Bible the strength and encouragement he had in vain sought from the traditions of his church. The more he advanced in the knowledge of the redemption effected by Christ through the enlightening influences of the Spirit of God, the more he felt himself urged to announce to his parishioners this good news of a Saviour, and the more he became animated in his ministry with the feelings of a holy joy and a new life.

Helfrich did not attempt to combat directly the doctrines and practices of popery; for he thought it was of little use, and often positively injurious to engage in long controversies on such subjects. But he applied himself to preach simply the gospel of the grace of God in Jesus Christ, as well as he was able, and he felt that he could not enter into the spirit and design of his holy calling, but by laboring for the edification of souls in Christ with the aid of the word of life.

This frank and explicit preaching of salvation through Christ crucified excited first the surprise, and then the anger of some neighboring Romish priests. They accused Helfrich before the bishop of Mayence, complaining that he leaned towards protestantism. But the bishop, whether from a particular esteem for Helfrich, or because he regarded the discussion as of little importance, paid no attention to their complaints, and suffered the curate of Holzhausen to continue peaceably his course of preaching. But the indulgence of the bishop could not last long; we shall see that the thunders of the Catholic church soon fell upon the poor and humble curate who had committed no other fault than that of teaching conscientiously the doctrine he derived from the word of God.

Helfrich improved the moments of repose allowed him by the mercy of the Lord to continue his work of preaching the gospel in its simplicity. His preaching was diligently attended not only by the members of his own flock, but

also by many protestants of the village and its neighborhood, and he was soon blessed with witnessing a change of heart and life among some of his hearers. These conversions became frequent; the love for divine things among many members of the parish increased and moved them even to learn to read, to be able to search the Bible. This, and the confidence with which he was impelled to impart the instructions and consolations of the word of God, contributed powerfully to strengthen his faith, to increase his joy, and to animate his zeal.

Thus was formed, gradually, at Holzhausen, a church of faithful Christians built upon Christ, gathered from among catholics and protestants without distinction of sect, and closely united by the tie of a common hope, and love for the Savior. But this peaceful state of things could not last. God had other designs. A new complaint was brought against Helfrich before the Episcopal see of Mayence. The curate of Holzhausen confessed his faith before his ecclesiastical superiors; he presented the word of God as the supreme rule of his belief and instruction; he said that he was attached to the catholic church, in the true sense of the word, that is to say the universal church. This noble and pious frankness met with the only reward which popery bestows on those who confess Christ without mixture of human traditions; Helfrich was deposed and constrained to quit the village of Holzhausen.

But he remained firm in his evangelical principles, and seeing that the Romish church would not tolerate the truth in its bosom, he went out of this building raised by the hand of man, shaking the dust of his feet, and turned his attention to the Reformed church. It is true that protestantism has much degenerated in Germany, and that the doctrines taught by our glorious reformers, have been supplanted in many pulpits by the barren and dead opinions of rationalism. But the reformed churches take for the foundation of their faith the word of God, and this consideration determined Helfrich to enter the Protestant church. He was followed by forty-five members of his flock, who declared loudly that they abandoned Romianism to become protestants.

The bishop of Mayence and the priests of his diocese opposed, as might be expected, the most determined resistance to this change of religion. They invented lies of all kinds to render these forty-five heads of families in the pale of the Catholic church; but in vain. The new converts persisted in their purpose; and after having undergone two very severe examinations in which they showed a great knowledge of the truths of salvation, were received into the Reformed church.

A solemn festival was celebrated on this occasion, in the open air, under trees planted without the village. The admission of these new members of protestantism produced a strong impression on the immense multitude gathered to witness it. It is stated that many protestants in the neighborhood, living in a state of religious indifference, were awakened by this great manifestation of the power of truth, and now walk in newness of life.

GENUINE AND ARTIFICIAL SENSIBILITY.

The following passage is from a conversation in an article of the Northern Literary Messenger. Its counsels are solitary, and we hope will add weight to those of a similar character which we have occasionally presented to our readers. Mr. Claremont says of novel reading:

"I am satisfied that that class of reading, only increases in Alice that sensitiveness which is already too strong. It will degenerate into weakness, and I know of few things more to be dreaded than a sickly sensibility."

"Why should you suppose that the reading of novels would produce that effect, more than the scenes of real life?" said Alice, "when it is universally conceded, that no genius can ever reach the truth."

"I can tell you why, Alice," said Montague. "In reading works of the imagination, persons of feeling unconsciously identify themselves with the favorite character; and there in a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, their feelings are taxed with those scenes of sorrow and excitement, which in real life are scattered through months, or perhaps years. The greater part of life is made up of comparative trifles, which make little demand on the feelings, and scenes of sorrow and excitement are few and far between; like the convulsions of the elements—which, though often distressing, and sometimes disastrous, are on the whole, highly beneficial. But were the elements always at war, nature would soon sink to dissolution; and so if the mind and the heart were constantly raised to a state of high excitement, their energies would soon be exhausted, and the corporeal part would soon sink in the conflict. Do you read novels, Miss Claremont?" inquired Montague.

"Sometimes, but not often," Margarette replied.

"And do they affect you as they do cousin Alice?"

"Affect her?" cried Alice—"no indeed! I never saw her moved to tears, by reading, but once in my life."

"And pray what was she then reading?" asked Montague, with a smile.

"A little penny tract, called 'Old Sarah, the Indian Woman,'" said Alice. "Over that she actually wept!"

"Did you read the tract, cousin Alice?"

"Yes—from mere curiosity, after witnessing the wonderful effect it produced."

"And did it call forth your tears?"

"No, certainly not!—Sarah was a good old creature sure, but there was nothing in the tract to touch one's sensibility; and I could never conceive what there was in it, that so moved Margarette."

"Pho, pho, Alice," said Mr. Claremont, "Margarette is not the stoic you represent her. I caught her no longer ago than this very morning, with a tear in her eye, while reading."

"My dear uncle!" said Margarette, in a supplicating tone while the pure blood in her cheeks rushed to her temples.

"What was she reading, uncle?" cried Alice. "None of your lackadaisical nonsense, you may be certain, Alice," said Mr. Claremont. "She was reading a newspaper."

"Alice laughed outright."

"Not so laughable an affair, neither, my dear," said Mr. Claremont, "as she was reading of the bravery and sufferings of the poor unfortunate"

"Dear uncle!" again ejaculated Margarette. "Poles," added Mr. Claremont, without noticing the interruption.

"The Poles? O yes," said Alice. "There was 'Thaddeus of Warsaw'—he was a divine creature! Well might one weep at the recital of his sufferings!"

"Doubtless, my dear—but Margarette's sympathies were moved by sufferings of a more recent date than his—by the narrative of bravery and suffering in all their nakedness, enshrouded with the romance and poetry that Miss Porter has thrown around her hero. And to tell you the plain truth, Alice—I do like that sensibility better, that sympathizes with the actual miseries of our fellow creatures, even though there be nothing elegant, or poetic about them, than that which has tears only for some high-sounding tale of fictitious woe—the afflictions of some fallen prince, or the sorrows of some love-stricken swain, or lovely damsel."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A certain preacher, near the close of his temporary labors at a certain place, called together a few young men, and urged them to take a certain religious newspaper—for which we do not know that he is a paid agent—saying by way of praise, "It is on the very top wave of the spirit of the age." What a eulogy! And if that eulogy be just, what a paper! Just consider his imagery. There is the Church, lashed up by noisy breaths into 'raging waves of the sea,' to which Jude compares those who 'despise dominion and speak evil of dignities, and there, 'upon the very top wave,' rides the paper. (Pardon the mixed metaphor—it is his—not ours.) Anchored to no principles, informed by no heavenly observation, guided by no compass, obeying no helm, like any other floating thing without self-government, there it goes impetuous and onward, reckless of consequences, just where the 'top wave' drives it. 'Who bids for such a paper?"

He who praises 'the spirit of the age,' praises his own spirit; for 'the spirit of the age' is nothing but the spirit of the men of the age. It is the spirit of all those who truly love the age. He who loves the 'spirit of the age' has that spirit. He who is very honest and very constant and very loud in praising the 'spirit of the age,' therefore, is a very self-complacent fellow.

He who would elevate his own character must fix upon some higher standard, as he who would lift his body, needs to reach up his hand, and take hold of something above his head. He who attempts to elevate his own character by bringing it to the level of the 'spirit of the age,' that is, of his own spirit, is like one who, wishing to lift his body, reaches up his hands and pulls—his own ears. Or at best, the whole company of such are like men who try to lift themselves by pulling each other's ears.

He who thinks of raising his own character by catching 'the spirit of the age,' will catch more of his own spirit, which will make him what he is now in a greater degree. This, indeed, is just what he wishes. He sees himself in those who are full of that spirit as in a mirror; perhaps as in a concave mirror, greatly magnified; and he likes his own looks so well that he wants to be more so, and he will succeed. The admirer of 'the spirit of the age' will never raise himself very high. His motion will be 'straight ahead,' onward, not upward. The more of that spirit he gets the more like Jehu he will go, in more senses than one.

The truth is, there never was an age, and there never will be one, till the millennium, nor even then, if Christians then are sanctified but in part, of a spirit high enough to be our standard or right enough to be our guide. Just as sure as the Church takes 'the spirit of the age' for its director, and floats on its 'top wave,' wherever that wave drives, it will be driven from its course, and dashed on the rocks of perdition. It always has been so. The spirit of one age was monasticism. That of another was crusading—fighting for the faith. That of another was knight errantry—Christian valor, putting itself forth in the name of Christ, for the relief of the oppressed. And the men of that age being witnesses, it was a most excellent spirit. They praised it loudly and as confidently as the men of our day praise themselves 'over each other's backs.' But they were all wrong. And so, in some degree, is the spirit of every age of sinful men.—*Boston Recorder.*

MISSIONARY.

From the Spirit of Missions.

THE MONTHLY PAROCHIAL MISSIONARY LECTURE.

I am well pleased to see, Mr. Editor, that it will be an object of the "Spirit of Missions" to promote the establishment of a monthly Missionary lecture in every parish. I regard that measure as, under God, the most effectual means of promoting an intelligent, efficient and abiding Missionary spirit. True Christian piety must be founded on true Christian knowledge. The Scriptures always unite them; and the whole history of the Church abounds with evidence of the disastrous consequences of their separation. Let the people be well (and that they may be well, they must be constantly) instructed in the Missionary obligation, in the cry for Missionaries, and in the blessings that attend the Missionary work; and let these be consecrated in their memories, and sanctified in their hearts, by the devout prayers of the Church—and rely upon it, there will be no want of Missionary funds or of Missionary men; nor yet at that which will be sure to yield them both, the Missionary spirit.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ATHENS. The following encouraging and gratifying communication is from a number of the London Record lately received at our office. The regular performance of divine worship in an appropriate edifice by our Missionaries and others, would certainly have an important influence upon the community, and open the way to more extensive good than circumstances have as yet permitted. The connection of the proposed chapel with the British embassy, will tend to its security and permanence.—*Epis. Rec.*

Athens is again a town and a capital; interesting equally, from its modern as well as ancient relations with the rest of the world, it has acquired once more a social repose; the days of humiliation are past, and it is rising with surprising rapidity into a respectable city; the grey masses of ruins are displaced on every side by solid and roomy dwellings, many of which

are already inhabited by the members of the Government, the representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, &c. and while its population is said nearly to amount to 20,000, Already are schools national and benevolent in full action, and it must gladden the heart of every sincere Christian, to know that the Gospel is daily read and explained to the rising generation in that very Agora where it was first preached by St. Paul. The west seems to be paying back its great debt to the east, since American missionaries have already erected three ample buildings and purchased a site for a fourth, for the education of the Greek youth, and especially, have they wisely directed their attention to the training up school-mistresses for Greece. In the country, 120 Greek schools have been established by Government, besides their Normal and Cadet seminaries. The translation of the Scriptures into modern Greek is too very far advanced under the care of the Rev. H. Leves, by whose assistance the British and Foreign Bible Society have already published the New Testament, the Psalms, Pentateuch, and Isaiah.

Of the state of the country I need only say that, whatever changes may in the course of years take place, there is not the most distant probability of the security of property being endangered; so think both Greeks and foreigners. Neither can it be denied, that the course of events for the last few years (so contrary to human expectation) seems to point out the intention of divine Providence, that this country and the great family of the Greeks in the Levant, by its means, should become enlightened and happy. The establishment of steamboats from Marseilles, Smyrna, and Constantinople, to Athens, as well from Falmouth to Patras, in Western Greece, will greatly augment the number of travellers in this country; while the English Banking Company, on the point of establishing a national Greek bank, and other obvious speculations, are likely to lead many English to Athens. Under these circumstances, permit me to call your attention to the advertisement on the subject of a Greek chapel. Mr. Hill, the American Episcopal clergyman, has kindly performed divine service in his own house, ever since the Government removed to Athens, and that service has been regularly attended by all the members of the British mission, other residents, and travellers. Now that Mr. Leves is about to settle here, another Episcopal clergyman will be ready to perform the duty, so that one, at least, will be at hand both on Sundays and when occasional duties are required. Is it then, let me ask, becoming, that the English should be without a chapel at Athens? Is it proper that they should continue always to intrude into a private room, however warmly invited? If not, either service on Sundays must be given up, or held in another place; but there is no building fitting for such a purpose. On the other hand, the erection of a chapel is perfectly practicable; about £250 is subscribed here, which will be doubled, by the means stated in the above advertisement.—I trust that some of your Christian readers, and especially the ladies, may be induced to undertake the collection of some small sums for the useful purpose. I would not ask any individual to deduct from his charitable funds in England for this object, but a trifle may be spared, and a small amount of these trifles would suffice to erect a Protestant chapel on the most interesting spot in the world.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
A PROPRIETOR OF LAND IN ATTICA.
Athens, Nov. 28, 1835.

MISSION TO GREECE.

We have been favoured with the following interesting extracts from the private letter of one of our missionaries, dated at Athens, November 25th, 1835.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

The difficulties, which seem to have opposed Mr. Bryant's coming are so entirely of a providential nature, that I am left without a desire to murmur, and have too much confidence in my heavenly Father's love, to suppose that he will for a moment permit me to have a greater burden than I can bear. He has indeed been with me, and kept me in health while hundreds around me have sickened and died. His blessing has also extended to my family, which has been but partially visited by the epidemic you have been informed of by previous letters. Although we have had our trials, we have had abundant mercies too.

To prove to you that my heavenly Father does not think I have too much to do, he has ordered events so that I am at this time without any assistance except that of my younger female teachers, in the multifarious concerns of this responsible establishment. Sister had several attacks of ague and fever and went to Syria ten days ago for the benefit of a change of air. I

* At Syria, the school long since established by W. Hildner, of the Church Missionary Society, gives education gratis to about 500 young Greek boys, which, two female schools are conducted under the superintendence of the ladies of the Rev. H. Leves and J. Robertson, and the Greek Gymnasium is superintended by the well known Professor Bambas.

† The following is the advertisement here referred to:

PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ATHENS. The British Government, having held forth, by Act of Parliament, liberal encouragement to the building of chapels, the purchase of burial-grounds, and other objects connected with the due observance of religion, according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England, in all foreign places where a British minister is resident, by engaging to give in furtherance of such objects, a sum equal to that raised by private subscription.

It appears both highly desirable and practicable, to erect a chapel in Athens, for the use of Protestant residents, and travellers understanding the English language.

It seems also probable that the occasional use of such a chapel may prove highly acceptable to Protestants of other nations, who possess at present no such building for the celebration of divine service or performance of religious rites. It is hoped too that such a measure may tend to preserve a respect for the Reformed Faith, and to keep up a spirit of religion in its professors, in the capital of Greece, especially, as there is every probability that divine worship will regularly be maintained by clergymen resident at Athens. His Britannic Majesty's Minister has kindly engaged to take the execution of this measure under his care, should sufficient funds be raised, and has allowed subscriptions to be received at the Mission.

Athens, Nov. 29, 1835.
N. B. The population of Athens has now nearly reached 20,000. A site has been presented by the Rev. Mr. Leves, and that gentleman's donation, with others at Athens, amount to £250. Ever since the Government has removed to Athens, the Rev. J. Hill, American Missionary and Episcopal clergyman, has had one and sometimes two services at his house on Sundays, which has been regularly attended by the members of the British Mission, English residents, and travellers. Any sums paid for this object to the account of Sir E. Lyons, at Gosling's, C. H. Braconier, Esq. a. account, at Glynn's; or the Rev. A. Braudran, 10 Earl street, Blackfriars, will be duly applied.

THE OBSERVER.

GAMBIER, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1836.

BISHOP KEMPER IN ILLINOIS.—Presuming that our readers are always pleased to be informed of the movements of our missionary Bishop, we publish entire from the Churchman a letter from the Rev. Samuel R. Johnson, detailing the incidents of a visitation in Illinois.

St. Louis, Missouri, Feb. 1, 1836.

As I have given you an account of our former movements, I now send you an account of a *four weeks' journey* in Illinois. Scarcely had our Missionary Bishop finished his arduous travels and labors, in which for nearly two months he had been engaged, and arrived at St. Louis, his destined home, or rather the central point of his future operations, when he received from the Rev. of the Church at Jacksonville, Illinois, a pressing letter, urging him to visit his parish, consecrate his church, and perform other Episcopal services for himself and his congregation. In accordance with the written request of the Rev. Bishop of Illinois, that he should take the providential advantage of his absence during his absence, Bishop Kemper accepted the invitation, and set out for Jacksonville in company with myself, and the Rev. Joseph L. Darrow, your old fellow-student in the ministry. It was the last day of the year, and the expectation was entertained that we should arrive in time for the customary religious services of the season. The stage started at day-break. After a delay of an hour, occasioned by the breaking of a bolt, we crossed the Mississippi in the steam ferry-boat; and after admiring the beauty of the site of St. Louis, and the imposing appearance of the city from the opposite shore, proceeded on our journey. The road lay through the most fertile and rich alluvial soil of the mighty river, sometimes on the very edge of the bank, more generally through the adjoining timber, where many a giant tree excited our wonder by its vast dimensions. The houses we passed were not many, and were commonly huts of very rude construction, and with but little of seeming comfort to recommend them; and sometimes we passed a spot where the garden fruits, growing up on some small open space in the woodland, showed where the early settler's improvement had been detected, and the forest was again encroaching upon the scene of his labors. This is no very unusual circumstance in the American bottom, on account of its unhealthiness; arising from the overflow of the river, and the rankness of the vegetation. I have been assured that there are at this day fewer residents here than there were fifteen years ago, while all the country around has received such great accumulations of population. More acres may be under cultivation, but there are many who raise their corn upon its soil who fear to trust their health in any residence upon it; and all my inquiries satisfied me that the fear is by no means unfounded.

As we proceeded, we had a distant and not favorable view of the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi; the forest was succeeded by a handsome prairie of a few miles in extent, and then after passing the deserted village of Milton, upon Wood River, where a few houses abandoned by their former occupants, speak forcibly of the unhealthiness of the site, we arrived at Alton. Alton, it is thought by many to be a great city, the commercial emporium of Illinois, and such is the activity, enterprise, and public spirit of its inhabitants, and such the advantage of the location, that much has already been effected; and it is easier to smile at the extravagance, than to prove the unreasonableness of the hopes entertained by the Altonians. Here is a Presbyterian house of worship of stone, wholly built by the liberality of a gentleman who lives a few miles from the town; there is also a neat edifice erected by the Baptists, and another by the Methodists. In the adjoining village of Upper Alton, the Baptists are establishing a college. The Episcopalians are highly respectable both in number and ability, and will organize as soon as the Bishop visits them and prepares for them a well-arranged plan of organization; they are ready to make movements both for building a church and sustaining a clergyman. They have been visited more than once by the Rev. Mr. Darrow, and once by myself, and also by a most worthy Episcopal layman, Mr. R. P. Williams, formerly of the firm of R. P. & C. Williams, of Boston, who on a business agency in these parts, has with laudable zeal endeavored to subvert the interests of piety and of the Church. Our stay at Alton was short, and we had but time to speak to a few friends of the Church, then we moved on and again. On account of the roughness of the roads we had set out in a covered wagon instead of the common stage coach, and an additional number of passengers made it so crowded, that our situation was for a time very uncomfortable. But at Carlton, forty miles from Alton, we exchanged about midnight the wagon for the regular stage, and although our journey was continued through the night, and over rough roads, we travelled much more pleasantly till we arrived at Jacksonville the following day, an hour after noon. Besides, one of our travelling companions was an intelligent and well-read merchant, a convert from the Unitarians, and a local preacher among the Methodists; and his conversation, whether upon some theological or general topic, or some Indian tradition connected with the local scenery around us, added not a little interest to our ride.

January 1. At Jacksonville we were before long welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Bateldier, and accommodated at the hospitable home of himself and one of his vestrymen. Notice had been given of a night service in the basement lecture-room of the church, and the Bishop preached a sermon suitable to the season. The following day was spent by the Bishop in making himself acquainted with different individuals of the congregation, and with the circumstances of the parish. It was now ascertained that the church was not ready for consecration, and could not be made ready before a week's time. The Sunday was therefore occupied with ordinary services, the Bishop preaching in the morning, Mr. Darrow in the afternoon, and myself at night. The weather had become quite mild, and the mud was in consequence so deep that it was almost impassable by foot passengers, and not easily to be traversed by a common carriage. No one but he who has seen the mud made by the rich black soil of Illinois, can fully appreciate the difficulty of walking any distance at such seasons. Over-shoes were useless unless fastened, for the tenuous soil would draw them from the foot. Of course, under such circumstances a large congregation could not be expected, still the attendance was very respectable.

A letter having been received from the Rev. Samuel Chase, at Springfield, with the request that the Bishop would visit that place, we set out on Monday, Jan. 4th, in a hired hack with four boxes, there being no opportunity by the stage. The roads were dreadfully muddy, and our progress was very slow. We spent the night at a log-house in the prairie, about twenty-five miles on our route, and proceeded on the following day ten miles to Springfield. Here we were all most hospitably entertained by one of our people, who was delightfully situated in the prairie, with a full view of it, and of the town about one-third of a mile distant, with woodland in the rear, and a handsome grove in the lawn, must be an agreeable residence at all seasons and a charming one in summer. The Rev. Mr. Chase has here no place of worship, except one lent to him once a fortnight by another denomination. He sustains himself by teaching. But I trust the time is not far distant when our small but interesting congregation here shall be provided with their own church, and with regular services. The mud was here even worse than any we had before met with, nor were we surprised that two scruples held on the Epiphany were attended by very few. Mr. Chase's child was baptized. Here we were told of the safe arrival of his uncle, the Bishop, in England, and of the destination of the Bishop's house in Michigan by fire. On Thursday, January 7, we returned to Jacksonville, and were fortunate in making more progress than before, when we arrived shortly after night-fall. I was during this excursion to and from Springfield struck with the pleasantness with which time may pass even when circumstances are seemingly unfavorable. Any one, in having seen our hack wading along at the rate of three miles an hour, might have been tempted to pity its poor inmates; yet if I may speak from my own experience and observation, I doubt if many days have been spent more cheerfully and agreeably than these were. We had the carriage wholly to ourselves, and therefore could control the conversation, and direct it into our own favorite channels. The Bishop had with him the Rev. Dr. Henshaw's edition of Sheridan, and as we took turns in reading it, each page gave rise to a varied and animated conversation, sometimes upon practical and spiritual subjects, sometimes upon critical points of interpretation and delivery, and sometimes upon persons and incidents of what was called the literary world. While the long ride lasted, conversation hardly seemed to flag; the cheerfulness of a contented and thankful spirit certainly did not.

By considerable extra exertion the church at Jacksonville was made ready for consecration by Saturday, January 9th. The day was pleasant, and the weather having become much colder the walking was greatly improved, and a full congregation attended. The instrument of donation was

read by myself, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Mr. Bateldier. The morning service was divided between Messrs. Darrow, Bateldier, and myself. The Bishop presided from Mt. Zion, Feb. 19, 20. In the night there was service, and a sermon by Mr. Darrow. Trinity Church, Jacksonville, the first church consecrated to the service of Almighty God in the Diocese of Illinois, is a building which commands the good taste and anxious exertions, both of the minister and congregation. Amid many discouraging circumstances, arising both from divided counsels and want of means, they have bravely persevered in their efforts, and have now the satisfaction of seeing their house of worship finished, and well built, of excellent material, suitable size, and tasteful proportions. It is a Grecian model, thirty-eight feet by fifty, the ceiling twenty feet high, and an organ gallery in the front. There is a handsome altar, and highly decorated ceiling, in which is a vestry room eleven by fifteen feet, a lecture room twenty-four by thirty, and an unfinished room eighteen by thirty-five. The whole cost of the building is about \$3000, exclusive of the lot of ground, which is \$1000, presented by Dr. Henshaw, Esq. The architect is Ebenezer T. Miller, of Jacksonville. An organ has been procured by the efforts of the Ladies' Society of the congregation, at a cost of \$500, 200 of which has been paid. There is also a bell of 500 pounds' weight. The corner-stone of the church was laid in May, 1831, by Bishop Smith.

On Sunday, Jan. 10, the Rev. Mr. Bateldier was installed pastor, the institution sermon being preached by myself. Confirmation was administered in the afternoon to four persons, after a sermon preached by the Bishop, and an address delivered by him to the persons confirmed. At night, an excellent sermon was preached by Mr. Darrow. Jacksonville is a flourishing town, containing about 1800 inhabitants, about 400 more than Springfield. The country around it is gently undulating, and generally fertile. Some of the farms are striking to the eye; one named Darrow and Grove, about two miles from the town, is of surpassing beauty. There is a college, about half a mile from the town, which has some reputation, and is very beautifully located. As in the course of our long stay at Jacksonville, we did not come in contact with any of the professors, I presume there is but little communication between the college and the town.

On Tuesday, Jan. 12, the Bishop set off at noon for Rushville, in consequence of an invitation from there. We proceeded 24 miles by stage to Beardstown, on the Illinois River, and tarried there the first night. Mr. Darrow who had accompanied the Bishop thus far, with the intention of proceeding up the river, to visit the Episcopalian in Peoria, Pekin, and Tremont, was here taken ill, and at first gave no considerable alarm. On the morning, however, he was so much better, that having left him under the care of a physician and some friends, the Bishop and myself ventured to go on fourteen miles farther to Rushville. There I passed the night, and on the next morning returned to Beardstown, where I spent the Sunday, holding two services in the school-house. I found our friend Mr. Darrow had availed himself of an opportunity to return homeward in a steam-boat, bound to St. Louis, though better, not being well enough to proceed on his missionary tour.

The Bishop remained in Rushville, and on Saturday preached twice, and on Sunday three times, also administered the Lord's supper to sixteen, twelve of whom were Episcopalian, and baptizing a child. He left that place on Monday, and arrived at Beardstown in the afternoon. No bad luck had been able to cross this stage, and on the evening of the evening of the 17th I was looking for his arrival with some anxiety, when he appeared, covered with mud. He and the driver had been thrown, together with the seat, out of the wagon, with considerable violence upon the hard ground, the bare surface of which had been softened by the sun; for a little time he was unable to stir, and the jar had been so great, that while most happily no serious injury was sustained, for a week his chest was very tender to the touch, and he exhibited slight signs of lameness. However, he was not at all disheartened, and in a few hours' time was holding an evening service in the Beardstown school-room, and preaching with his usual animation.

Rushville is a very pleasant town, with nearly 1000 inhabitants. It has the advantages of prairie and forest, of coal and good building stone, and it lies in the region between the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, generally supposed to be the most favorable to health of any in the State. The town is at the south end of a prairie. Between it and Beardstown the face of the country is finely varied, being much more beautiful to the eye of one who has been used to hills and valleys, than the dull level, which prevails so generally in Illinois. The Episcopal congregation here is small, but united and efficient. In the absence of a clergyman, they have been kept together by the lay-reading of some of the more devout members, and I doubt not that they will do well. Their church is now enclosed. It is of frame, 20 by 30 feet, arched roof 14 feet in height, and the cost will be about 1,500 dollars. It will accommodate 300 persons. They have managed with such wise economy, that their debt will be very trifling, if any thing. The lot on which the church is built was presented by Dr. Worthington.

Beardstown has now a population of 700, one-third of whom are Germans, (mostly Protestants) it is thought that it will be a place of very considerable importance. We were missionary to divide his time between it and Rushville, he could probably build up a good congregation at each place; and there is a considerable agricultural population here, among whom the efforts to establish a third might not be attended with success. We left the place on Tuesday, Jan. 16, we tarried at Beardstown, expecting every hour the arrival of a steamboat from up the river, on its way to St. Louis, which would have enabled us to reach that place in about 24 hours, but we were not so fortunate. The day and the night passed, and her arrival was involved in such uncertainty, that on Wednesday morning at four, we took the stage to Jacksonville, in the hope to meet the regular stage passing through that place in St. Louis. Our stage gave out midway, and we were delayed two hours at a log public house in the prairie, where we found among some well selected books, Wesley's Works, and Adam Clarke's Commentary; and where our kind host refused to receive any thing from us for our breakfast, which, by the way, was a most excellent and bountiful one, because from our conversation he ascertained that we were preachers of the Gospel. On our arrival at Jacksonville we found that the stage to St. Louis was not running; and we failed in all our endeavors to obtain a conveyance as far as Alton. At night, the good news, as we thought it, came, that a large steamboat was at Meredosia on the Illinois River, twenty-three miles distant, and that she was to leave on the morrow. For that distance we were enabled the next day to procure a rough lumber wagon without seats, and in that ride we proved the severe cold of the prairie to be not so objectionable. 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